ENGAGEMENT.

BY SIR ROBERT PEEL

(Copyright, 1896, by Sir Robert Peel.) (Continued from Friday's Star.)

Arnold Hopetoun, a clerk on a small salary in the foreign office at London, is engaged to be married to handsome Bella Carstairs, who, with her mother, is obliged to keep up appearances in very reduced loves Arnold, but is unwilling to marry him until he gets a more lucrative posi-tion, which his influential uncle, Lord Drillingham, has promised to obtain for him. Lord Drillingham neglects the matter, and Arnold proposes to Bella that he and his cousin Kate, Lord Drillingham's daughter, pretend to be engaged, with the idea of increasing his uncle's interest in obtaining an appointment. She consents, and he goes down to Deercourt to arrange the matter with Kate. Kate agrees. Drillingham approves of the engagement, and bestirs himself about the appointment. He btains the offer of an important position in Canada, but Bella refuses to go to Canada. Kate calls on Bella, and endeavors to persuade her, but in vain. Kate is piqued, realizes that she loves Arnold, and determines to win him from Bella. He falls decreased in love of the love of desperately in love with her, and declares himself, while she admits her own love.

PART VI.

He was still intoxicated when he woke next morning. Anxiety as to his position did not oppress him yet. A delicious feeling of excitement throbbed in his veins. He descended early. His room cooped him, and the freshness of the air outside harmonize better with his mood.

She also was out. He caught a glimpse of her white frock in the shrubbery, and overtook her with delight.

"Good morning, sweetheart," he said. She blushed with pleasure, and surrendered her lips bashfully.

"And have you been thinking of me?" she asked. "So much! And yet I can hardly credit my good fortune."

No need to set down what they said. It was not until later in the day that Miss Drillingham spoke of Bella, and questioned how he intended to act, and then she declared that he must write to her at

She was, in fact, beginning to tell herself that she had played a shabby part. She wanted to admit it to Arnold, but was loth to humiliate herself in his eyes, and when he demurred to sending the suggested letter, and proposed to see and speak to Bella instead, she did not press the point.

Hopetoun, who was not a coward, intended calling upon the Carstairs on the morrow, when Bella, who was on a visit to her relations at Morecombe, would be Kate had therefore several hours before she was required to abase herself before him, and until the time arrived she aban-doned herself to the charm of their new re-

lationship as completely as possible.

Nevertheless, her doubt obtruded itself constantly, and lastly a new terror came.

Had she the right to let Arnold jilt the She could not determine.

As a result she resolved to leave the de-cision to the man. She would extenuate rothing, and set naught down in malice. If he could say, "I love you; I don't care what you have done—you are the only we man I can be happy with!" she would be his wife; if he reproached her, and said, "It was unwomanly, petty, it was not worthy of you, Kate," nothing should ever induce her to marry him. The pauses in the conversation of the

ccusins became painfully frequent and woefully prolonged. It was a relief to both when Drillingham broke in upon their tete-a-tete, and then a semblance of cheer-fulness returned until dinner time, when Kate said to Arnold: "Afterward I to speak to you-come into the drawing room as soon as you can!" Her face was very pale as she whispered the words. He dered if anything was amiss

When he joined her she was standing on the hearth—rather a desolate figure in the big room, it struck him all at once. She did not respond to his smile of inquiry; obviously she was disturbed. Had some thing bappened?
"What is the matter?" he asked; "is any-

thing wrong?"
"Arnold," she said, "I have something to say to you-semething I owe to you and to n.yself—and to Miss Carstairs."
"To Miss Carstairs?" he echoed.

She nodded. Her lips trembled, and he koked at her with dismay.

"Kate," said Hopetoun, "you are talking mysteriously, uncomfortably, child. What's it all about?" "Arrold, you remember when I went

Miss Carstairs, and didn't tell you?"
"I remember," he answered. "Well?"
"I did rot tell you because I did not like her. I am anxious not to say anything in her disparagement, but in justice to my-self—to make my explanation clear—I must

say that I found her ungracious, that it did not seem to me she cared for you as much as she did for herself. She—she got

"I swore I would take you away from

her—that things should happen just as they have! I've done it, and now I'm ashamed!" She stood looking at the carpet in silence. Hopetoun crossed over to her before he re-"Why," he said; "why, what was your

She hesitated. "Say it was vanity, if you like," she murmured, "or petty spite! What do you think of me?" "I shall not say it was either," he said. "It is for you to say what it was. You do not wish me to believe you have only been



Lord Drillingham Goes for a Canter.

playing with me—that you aren't really fond of me, Kate?" She lifted her eyes and answered him. "Dearest," he exclaimed, "tell me some-thing else! Were you fond of me the day you went to her?"

"Yes," said Kate, "I loved you with all my heart." He clasped her to him. "You poor little soul!" he cried; "and did you imagine that I was going to be horribly angry with you? Why, you are crying! And for nothing the terms of the soul."

ing, Kit, nothing!" 'You aren't angry with me? I am for-"Forgiven!" laughed Hopetoun. "What is there to forgive?"

"I have felt so guilty," she faltered. "I have been afraid you would think me so mean! She would, dear—any woman would—but if you don't yourself—"

His kisses silenced her, and he told her that tomorrow his engagement to Miss Carstairs, and all pertaining to Miss Car-

stairs, would be a thing of the past, a folly to be buried in oblivion. "Tomorrow," he said, "I shall make a clean breast of it, and we need never speak

of her any more. As things are, I don't see why we should be remorseful a bit." Kate Drillingham hesitated a long time. "Arnold," she sald at last, "that was my idea, too; this afternoon I also thought that! I thought that if you could answer me as you have, I should be satisfied to allow you to go to her and break off your engagement. But I can't! I have been considering, and considering. I have made you love me. Whether I cared for you the day I saw her, or whether I didn't, the fact remains that you were rot in love with me then. Don't you see, dear; don't you see? "I see I love you now, at any rate," said Hopetoun, doggedly. "That is quite enough

"I am not so sure," returned his cousin, slowly. "Frankly—I may say it now—I do not like Miss Carstairs, and I have not a very high opinion of her. Her chances of marriage are form. very high opinion of her. Her chances of marriage are few, and you may be certain she realizes it. Indeed, I think it quite possible that, rather than lose you altogether, she would even be pleased to go with you to Canada. If she does hold you to your word, Arnold, you must keep 't."

"I can't," he declared.

"At least I should not marry you then," said Miss Drillingham. "Come, promise me you will do as I beg."

"I would promise you anything you asked of me," he said, reluctantly.

And so it was decided.

But Hopetoun did not sleep that night

But Hopetoun did not sleep that night because of the new doubt that had been in-

stilled into his mind. The question harassed him until daylight stole into the room. Would Miss Carstairs refuse to release him or not? The more he pondered, the more he was convinced now that Bella would decline to take things easily. "She would even go to Canada rather than lose you altogether!" The words recurred to him impressively. He had a presentiment that his mission was going to fail, and the ominous sensation eepened when he rose.

Breakfast was tasteless to him. His train left the Deerccurt station at 11, and he spent the interval endeavoring to persuade Kate to reconsider her determination. happy pair. would not listen, or, at any rate, she

would not heed.

"Go to town," she repeated, "and speak to her. If she consents, come back to me. If you fail, do not! I don't want to see you then—it would be bad for both of us." you then—it would be bad for both of the seemed They were hard instructions; he seemed predestined to failure indeed! He stepped predestined to failure indeed! When he arrived into the train gloomily. When he arrived he went into the buffet at Euston, and had a brandy and soda with a double allowance of brandy. He felt better after that, but it chagrined him to reflect that the improvement would have evaporated before his hansom reached the house. He hailed one, and told the man to drive

rapidly. He was dismayed beyond words to learn that the ladies had not come back from the country yet. They were expected tomorrow, the little servant said. She would say he called.

"Say I will come again tomorrow," he He bade the man stop at the Swiss Cottage station, and from there he dispatched

a telegram to Deercourt.

After he sent it, he drove to his rooms, and tried to make himself comfortable there. It was not a successful attempt. The rain was coming down still. What on earth should he do with himself? He might have stayed another day at Deer-



"I won't," he said.

court as things had turned out; he wished he had returned there instead of wiring. By Jove, why should he not do so now! He caught the afterroon express, and walked in upon her where she was dreaming beside a window. The sun was shining at Deercourt; here everything was bright. She welcomed him with a cry of aston "You!"

"I couldn't stand it," he explained. "After I had sent off your telegram I went to my place, and suffered an eternity of tedious-ness that lasted at least two hours. You know those eternities! Then this inspira-He dropped into a low chair, looking at

fou did not expect me?" he said. "Indeed no. I even posted on some let-ters that came for you after you left. Arnold, I have missed you horribly. I have so glad to get your message - it was thoughtful of you, dear! And then I wondered what you would do with yourself all day. I hoped you would go to a theater in the evening, or your club: I didn't want

you to be lonely, because—"
"Because?"
"Because I was being lonely enough for both of us." She had never been more tender, more delightful to him than in this unantici-pated prolongation of their suspense. He had, as it were, fallen from the clouds to her this afternoon, and her resolution went down before her surprise. It might be their last day-how could she be charm-

ing enough! "Will you give me some music tonight. "I suspected it," said Hopetoun. "Yes?"
"When I left her I—I made a vow all to myself in the cab. I swore I would take you away from her."
"What?" an ideal that had never been destroyed.

Hopetoun loved to hear her, too, for her voice said much to him that she never yet trusted herself to speak. When he reflected that his possession of her hung upon another woman's word his impotence to affect his own destiny frenzied him. Inactivity is the hardest thing for a man to bear, and that was what Arnold Hopetoun was condemned to. spectator of a game of cards who is also

the stake for which the game is played. His deepest interests were involved, and yet he could only watch.

He landed at the Euston platform at something past 5 on the following after-noon and drove, as on the previous day, straight to the Hampstead house.

"Mrs. Carstairs—they are in?"

"No, sir, they are not coming today."

"What?" he exclaimed angrily. "Do you mean to say their return is postponed?"

"Yes, sir. They have not come back." Hopetoun stared at the little servant's "And when," he inquired, "will they be

"I can't say, sir. Would you leave any he said, "no, never mind-I will write.' He turned away in a villainous temper. This meant he must remain in town in-

definitely; to run back to Deercourt a second time would be too absurd. He said as much in the wire he sent again from the Swiss cottage. He told the man to drive him to his club, where he ordered a cutlet and a pint of

claret and made a pretense of dining. The club was even more tedious than be-fore. He threw himself into an armchair and smoked disconsolately.
At length, on the principle of any change being better than none, he got up and walked home

It was half-past 12. He mounted heavily to his rooms, trying to persuade himself that he was sleepy at last. They were in larkness and he barked his shins against the furniture, groping for the matches.

Presently he found a box and lit the lamp. A final smoke, and then he would really woo the elusive god! He drew for-

ward the tobacco and pipe and stretched his long legs wearily on the shabby couch. After he had fung himself there and the tobacco was finally aglow he perceived that there were some letters lying on the manteipiece, and he debated mentally whether was worth while rising to get them. Ha! one was from Bella, bearing the Moreombe postmark! Doubtless he would know lefinitely now when she was bringing her visit to an end. He tore it open, and, draw-

ng a chair up to the lamp, commenced to What was this? How shockingly she alays wrote!

"Dear Arnold: Between us two a perfect frankness has subsisted from first to last, and I feel certain that you are much too fair, nuch too intelligent, to read what I have to say with any resentment, or to doubt tha the avowal causes me the greatest distress."
("This," said Hopetoun, inwardly, "sounds like "The Complete Letter Writer.' But I wish she'd had it typed-I can't make it "A duty is a duty, and I cannot shirk

mine! Arnold, I have awakened to the truth, for since I have been here I have met one who has shown me that I mistook my own heart—" ("Good Lord!" gasped her correspondent)—"Mistook my own heart when I pledged myself to be your wife, Loving him as I do, I should be acting wrong "No, it is not enough, not enough for you to break it off if she is unwilling. I am not a heroine, no Donna Quixote, but I see quite clearly that our duty is for you to bear today—I cannot accept your mairtal

ask her to release you, and no more. If she won't, you must marry her."

"Oh, I am contented," cried Hopetoun. "What woman would insist on holding a man against his will? An adventuress, perhaps, but not—"

"I am not so sure," returned his cousin, slowly. "Frankly—I may say it now—I do not like Miss Carstairs, and I have not a very high opinion of her. Her chances of discussion would be a needless pain to us both. Write me to the Hampstea I am returning to town the day after tomor-

row, but pray, pray don't go there! Indeed, I could not bear it, and if you disregard this request I must refuse to listen. That time may heal your wound and Providence enrich your career with its manifold blessings. is the earnest prayer of your very sincere friend, BELLA CARSTAIRS." friend, BELLA CARSTAIRS."

"Then," said Hopetoun, staring into space,
"she was at home when I called today, and
wouldn't see me! Great powers! And I

might have known all this yesterday morn-When Miss Drillingham came down to breakfast eight hours later at Deercourt she astonishment, for a gentleman was waiting for her there who took her in his arms with

a boldness that could only mean victory. Bella signs herself "Carstairs" still, and looks at Mrs. Hopetoun, if she happens to see her, with something suspiciously akin to envy. But Arnold looks at his wife with eyes of love and says that no man who has dared to play with fire was ever known to burn himself so pleasantly before. From which it may be argued that they are a

ESCAPE MADE DIFFICULT.

An Elaborate Device to Put an End to Jail Deliveries. From the Louisville Evening Post.

One of the neatest inventions that have been made recently is the one planned by F. V. Simms. Mr. Simms was greatly interested in the jail delivery, and immediately after the prisoners escaped he set to work to devise a plan to prevent any similar occurrence. Mr. Simms proposes to surround each cell by an air-tight compartment. This will be filled with carbondioxide under a pressure much higher than that of air. In each compartment there will be a small retort, containing lumps of marble, covered by diluted sulphuric acid. This will fill the tank with the gas. In another part of the compartment a small other part of the compartment a small rubber balloon, partly filled with the air or other gas, is held in place by a wire frame. Fastened to the top of the balloon is a thin metal plate connected to an electric wire. Directly over the plate is the point of a screw, to which the other wire is fastened. This screw is turned until it almost touches the plate, and the wire a bell and a battery. plate, and the wires are connected with

When a prisoner bores a hole through the wall of his cell the carbon-dioxide fills the room and he is asphyxiated. In the mean-time, the pressure being reduced in the compartment, the balloon will expand, and the plate will come in contact with the screw. When the circuit is closed the bell will ring and arouse the turnkeys. Mr. Simms did not explain about ventilation, and this seems to be the chief drawback to the plan. It would be a simple matter for the prisoner to open his windows and al-low the gas to escape. This might be prevented, however, by connecting two sets of wires with the plate and screw, and the second current will cause an outside shut-te. to fall and cover the window. This would hardly be recessary, as the sound of the bell would be sufficient to prevent a prisoner's escape. The wires to the bell are inside of the walls, so that they cannot be cut by a deceitful trusty.

HOTELS AND INSOMNIA.

A Palace Loses Its Attractions if Sleep is Impossible. Foreign Exchange.

The beauty of the new hotels erected daily at health resorts, seaside places and on the Riviera cannot be denied. The windows are light and airy, the ceilings high, the reception rooms superb, the appointments of bed rooms and bath rooms h xurious and costly. No reasonable expense is spared, and yet these splendid, palatial abodes are often deserted by invalids and comfort lovers for the more homely and dowdy hostelries. The reason of this is not far to seek. Most of these hotels are intolerably noisy. They are run up lightly, the walls are thin, the floors neither fire nor sound-proof, so that to dwell in them is rather like living under a sounding board or being compressed into a box with voices all around you. The new spring locks of the doors sound like miniature cannons going off; there is the inevitable man overhead who goes to bed late after a cheerful bout of boot-throwing and dragging of portmanteaus, while he whistles loudly or talks in a high baritone

to his friend next door. Then beside you is the early riser, who takes a walk before breakfast, and is preparing for a pedestrian or bicycling tour. The waiter whispers in hoarse tones to the chambermaid outside, while she pertly rattles cans and baths as a flirtatious accom-paniment in response. To the weary in-valid in search of rest and sleep these things are unspeakably annoying. What is a palace in which you cannot close your eyes in comparison to the humble cot where gentle slumber courts the weary eyelids? Insomnia is the growing malady of the age. of rebellious nature, and it has gone on ever since. Sleep is the one boon, the one comforter, for which we of these latter days crave, and when we go faint and weary to the seashore or to the glowing southern land of oranges it is pertinacious-

APPLICATION OF A FABLE.

He Wore Sheep's Clothes, but Proved to Be a Wolf in the Fold. From the London Telegraph.

The story of the ass who clothed himself in a lion's skin in order to pass himself off as the king of beasts is well known, but the tale of the thicf who got inside a sheep's skin to be better able to carry on his nefarious trade has yet to be told. Early this morning two policemen, who were on duty at the slaughter houses of Paris, were astonished to see a sheep endeavoring to effect an entrance into the inclosure where creatures of its kind were stationed. But the officers' attention was redoubled when a man's hand protruded from beneath the stolen fleece. Their curiosity became in-tensified, and they carefully followed the sham snimal, who stopped at the pen which inclosed the real articles, and with great coolness chose the two largest and fattest

Still observed by the watchful guardians of the law, this plagiarist of an ancient fable proceeded to kill and cut up his capture, and was on the point of making off with his booty, when he found himself in turn the spoil of the law, and was quickly marched off to the police station, where he gave his name as Eugene Lassot. From his account he made a good living out of his occupation by selling the meat to various butchers. For some time, at least, it is to be hoped that the animals at the abattoirs will ease to be sent to an earlier death by the depredations of this latest wolf in sheep's lothing.

Very True. From the Fliegende Blaetter.

Professor-"It pains me, William, whenever I am obliged to punish you." William-"I know that, sir, but it doesn't pain you on the same spot." His Only Refuge.

"What do you do when you go home late at night and find your wife sitting up waiting for you?"
"Wish I hadn't gone home."

TRAINED MOTORMEN

Brains and Character Required to Operate Electric Cars.

TEST OF THE SYSTEM OF PRIZES

Street Car Positions More Responsible Than in Former Years.

TRIALS OF A MANAGER



SOME TIME SINCE the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company had constructed at their shops at Mount Clare a car built on the lines of a baggage car, which contained all the airbrake appliances for a locomotive and a train of about twenty cars. The car was sent out over the company's lines .to instruct the employes as to the operation

of the air brake and its uses. A car of similar character, but having all the appliances of an electric street car, would be a good thing for the instruction of the men employed on street railroads. The electric road being built between Washington and Baltimore will be completed by next summer, and motormen on that road will have to be far above the ordinary type of motormen if a safe and quick service is to be inaugurated.

This question of educating the motormen has become quite a formidable one to suburban and city railway managers as the travel correspondingly increases with the new lines constructed. During the recent six days' session of the American Street Railway Association, held in Montreal, Canada, an entire day was given up to the discussion of the proper education of moformen, and a consensus of opinion of those present was that it pays to employ

men of brains. Locomotive engineers can be likened to motormen in many respects, but many weary years are spent by firemen grasping every detail and developing character before they are allowed to control an engine or given in charge the lives of passengers. Then again their wages are about triple. Statistics have shown that in railroad accidents, the blame for which had been placed on the engineers, nine-tenths were of ordinary education, and that the brighter men seldom made mistakes. Courage is very essential both in engineers and motormen, but coupled with brains a great de-gree of common sense is developed that makes the possessors of the same extremely valuable to the corporations that em-ploy them.

Results of Education. In Brooklyn during the first year of the adoption of electricity on street railways people were killed like sheep, not to speak extravagantly, both by being run down by cars and in collisions at crossings. The city became the butt of silly jokes from all over the country, and a game called "trolley whist," in which the killing of man, woman or child, counted for so much, was said to have originated in that city by the motormen. The conditions are now changed for the better. The companies took the motormen in hand, educated them in the details of electricity, prizes for good service were offered, and now Brooklyn's record is among the first class as to efficiency and safety. Philadelphia has taken her place in the matter of killing and maining people, the record for last year in the Quaker city being appalling, over dred persons being crushed to death under

of some of my men that I think they ought to be clubbed." remarked a manager of one of the city roads to a Star reporter recently. "It is strange that men possessing a fair degree of intelligence should fail to exercise their judgment when it is required. If trouble arises and two are con-cerned they will surely disagree, and both insist in doing the opposite, and both will be in the wrong. This is especially in cases of break downs or blockades. Of course they notify the office if anything serious happens, but they ought to do something in the meantime.

"When asked afterward why this or that procedure was not carried into execution, the answer invariably is that it was not thought of at the time. This is what provokes me. Such excuses are poor ones. I vokes me. Such excuses are poor ones. I am rather in lined to the belief that just such answers would not come from educated men or from men that are paid better salaries. A system made up of rewards, either of money or better runs, would, no doubt, stimulate the men. They mean well enough, and perhaps with rewards awaiting them they would not be so forgetful in time o

The Prize System.

"Some of the street railway managers of the United States are going to try the plan of giving prizes to motormen and conductors who make faultless records in a given period. A Brooklyn company has set apart \$10,000 for this purpose, and as one result news of street railroad disasters has not come from Brooklyn for the past six months. The prize system has been in operation in Montreal for years, and I be-lieve the managers grasped the full meaning of the system at our last meeting up there during the past summer. Every three months there is a distribution. Two motormen and two conductors who have celled for that period receive \$25 each. This little sum comes in mighty handy when one of the men wants a new suit of clothes or the wife and children at home need

dresses.
"It has been found that the Montreal plan works exceedingly well. It inspires considerable rivalry among the employes to make records. Not infrequently are several who have scored a clean record for three months. When that happens, the put in a hat. Two are drawn out and the conductor or motorman to whom the badges belong receive the money.

"The Brooklyn plan of prizes is more elaborate and may prove more successful than the Montreal idea. A distribution of the entire \$10,000 will be made after May 1 next. All conductors and motormen who are now in the company's service and re-main with clean records will share it. To make a clean record an employe must have had no accident causing either injury or damage to other persons or property, or to the company's property, and must not have been suspended for violation of the company's rules. Among all who show such records the \$10,000 will be divided pro rata. From the returns of damage suits in that city this \$10,000 will bear interest at the rate of about 100 per cent, and can well be offered by the company.

They Disregard Orders. "It is one of the hardest things in the

world to get the motormen to do what you want them to. I want the doors of the cars kept closed in cold weather, and want the car ventilated to some extent. Many of the mer are first-class, and attend to these details, but many don't, and we have a hard time weeding them out. I do not want any coasting down hills, yet it is done every day. There are other orders in existence which they are expected to obey, but I am sorry to say, more of them are but, I am sorry to say, many of them are disregarded. To do the right thing at the right time requires a constant strain, which, added to the legitimate duties of the motormen and gripmen, it can be in-ferred that they must possess a fair num-ber of virtues if they are to call forth praise from their superiors.

"Then, again, take the question of fen-

ders. One or two things must be done to prevent the too rapid destruction of these safeguards. We must either reward the n otormen or gripmen who keep their fen-ders intact, or charge up to them the cost of the repairs. The motormen, as a rule, have considerable patience, but they are tried terribly sometimes, and I can hardly blame them when they help a wagon to get off the track. But in such cases our fenders suffer, and we cannot afford to keep a shop full of men doing nothing but repairing fenders. In this, like in everything else, experience teaches us what to do. The motormen and gripmen will have to be rated by the condition of their fen-

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will make them careful, and that is what Improvement Noted.

"Are the motormen improving in like ratio with the improved appliances in street railway equipment?" was asked the man-"Almost, but not quite. In the olden days

drivers and conductors were of the lower class. Their appearances and their actions were certainly against them, which was calculated to thoroughly convince the pub-lic that they were a little on the tough order. The driver in those days generally was an uncouth and ill-mannered person, given to profanity that he would indulge in on the slightest provocation, regardless of the time or place. Go out on the front platform now and smoke your that are still at work. I'll wager a new hat that you will lose your patience before he does and maybe indulge in profanity. The motormen may swear, but they are isolated now, and no one can hear them. "The conductor has always been a grade higher. Yet he, too, lacked many of the instincts that go toward the make-up of a gentleman. The hours on duty were many, he work not by any means pleasant, while the pay was small. It was generally the bully and the man of all work who applied for jobs of collecting fares or driving. There was but little system. When the horses were liberated from the drudgery and the grip and electric motor came into play, the men who handled the lines and those who collected the fares also made their exit. The individual of low intelligence, of slovenly habits and waspish dis-position found the change too radical for him, and he did not even attempt to make a trial, which the company was willing to give to those of its more faithful employes.

Veteran Employes. "Some of these old and well-tried employes are still with the companies, men who have been on street cars for years, and must say their patience is something remarkable. They may not be over polite, but they never answer back. You can tell a new man by this one fault. Passengers may have been neglected by the motormen or gripmen and when they get on the rear end of the car pour their complaint into the conductor's ears. Old-timers will take it as a matter of course, but the new men, not relishing being saddled with another man's fault, will generally answer back and make trouble worse.

"More men by hundreds are now employ-ed than in times gone by, so it is estimated that fully nine-tenths of the employes are

men who have entered service since rapid transit has been inaugurated. The rowdy element has been displaced altogether. The motormen, gripmen and conductors of the present time are more respectable-appearng and more genteel than the men of the fore and aft platform of fifteen years ago. Washington, as a rule, is a good city to work in for street railway employes. In the winter there is only about six weeks' hard weather and likewise in the summer. The motormen from other cities tell me that the wide streets are a great benefit to them, as it gives them an even chance in avoiding accidents. In the next ten years at the most every road in the city will be worked by electricity, faster time will be made, as the people will be used to the new order of things and the men will be paid better and be of still a higher grade as to intelligence and meral character.'

A GREAT SATISFACTION. How a Horse Got Even With a Brutal

Fellow. From the Youth's Companion.

A correspondent tells a story of a handsome black horse, so big and strong that he seemed hardly to feel the weight of the heavy delivery wagon with which he made the rounds of the neighborhood. His driver was a brutal fellow, who ought to have been the creature driven. Blows, kicks and angry words were the only caresses he ever bestowed upon his steed, and these the horse suffered quietly for many a long day, till finally even his endurance gave out

in roughly by the curbstone. On dismounting he seemed to think the wagon too near, and harshly ordered his steed to back, emphasizing the command with a cut from his angrily, while the man, heated by his exertions, took off his coat, and, having hung it over the dashboard, disappeared in the The horse waited until the driver was out

of sight, then, looking around, he saw the coat hanging only a short distance from his heels. Instantly a change came over him. He actually seemed to laugh as he lifted one foot and let it fly at the coat.

Finding that he could not hit it well, he began to beat a regular tattoo upon it; first with one foot, then with the other, and, finally, as he grew excited, with both at

once.
Surely no coat ever had a more thorough dusting. Out flew note books, papers and handkerchiefs, and rolled into the gutter, but the horse kept on until he heard a door slam, and he knew his master was returning. Then, with a final kick that sent the coat under the wagon, he settled sleepily down in the shafts, and pretended to be watching a pair of mules that had just gone

by.

He didn't seem to mind the slaps the driver gave him while picking up his belongings, and when he started off he looked up at the window and appeared to wink at those who had been watching him, and half wishing they could reward him with a peck

An Old Tale.



PARROTS SPREAD DISEASE. Mysterious Epidemie of 1893 Has Again Made Its Appearance in Paris. The question of infected parrots, which created such a sensation in Paris two years ago, seems to have again come before the public. At Versailles, at Maisons-Laffitte, says the Temps, there has been reported the death of several persons, who have been struck down, it would seem, by this same

been brought into France in 1893 by exotic parrots. The inquiry made by M. Dujardin-Beau metz for the Seine Conseil d'Hygiene resulted, at first, in the conclusion that the deaths were merely cases of coincidence, but he has again returned to the subject, seconded by Dr. Dubief, and issued his new report. In this document M. Dujardin-Beaumetz states that it is very possible that the par-rots may have something to do with these epidemics. Eberth and Wolff, he points out, have described how parrots have imported into Europe a septic disease which can be

mysterious disease which was said to have

etermined by the microscope However, Parisians need not be alarmed by the reports which have recently been spread, for at no bird dealer's has there been discovered a single diseased parrot. M. Nocard, director of the Alfort Veterin-ary School, has, however, been making some experiments, which is a distinct step

toward a solution of the problem as to whether parrots can really spread disease. "I was unable," says M. Nocard, "during the epidemic of 1893 to procure a single parrot imported from America. But I have now got a packet of the wings of birds which died during the voyage from Buenos Ayres to Havre. I have discovered a special microbe, extremely virulent, which does not seem to me to be that observed by the Germans, Eberth and Wolff; and fowls, mice and rabbits which I inoculated with the microbe died in less than forty-eight hours. "I can even spread the disease without having recourse to inoculation. For examplacing ten dry wings at the bot-the cage of a healthy parrot, the ple, by placing ten dry wings at the bot-tom of the cage of a healthy parrot, the bird died in less than twenty hours. The investigation would have been complete had I been able to show that the death of persons in 1893 was also due to the action of this microbe, but I have seen none of

these sick people."

As several new cases of the mysterious disease of 1893 have just broken out in the department of Seine-et-Oise the Conseil d'Hygiene is now in a position to investigate the origin of the outbreak.

Spared for Further Mischief. From the Detroit Free Press.

"Madam," said the new boarder, "one of your family came very near dying last night." "Indeed. I was not aware that any one

The man in the room next to mine who

played the cornet till 3 a.m. He stopped just in time to save his life." The Important Part Left Out. rom the Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Hazel-"Oh, bother! I've used up all my note paper, and my letter isn't half finished Grace-"Why, you've written eight pages,

haven't you? Isn't that enough?"
Hazel—"Yes, but I haven't begun on the postscript yet."

was ill. Who was it?"